Nº 2205

SOUTHERN LULLABY.

Poetry by
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Music by
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mf
ad lib.
3. Come hyeah! you mos' tiah'd to def, Po' lit - tle lamb!
4. Jes' caint hol' yo' haid up straight, Po' lit - tle lamb!
poco rall.
col voce.
a tempo.
ad lib.
Play'd yo' - se'f clean out o' bref, Po' lit - tle lamb!
Had - n't ough - ter play'd so late, Po' lit - tle lamb!
a tempo.
col voce.
a tempo.
See dem han's now, sich a sight! Would you ev - ah, b'lieve dey's white?
Mam - my do' know what she'd do, Ef de chil - lun's all lak you,
a tempo.
ad lib.
Stan' still! while I wash dem right, Po' lit - tle lamb!
You's a cau - tion now fu' tru', Po' lit - tle lamb!
col voce.


Tranquillo.
ten.
ad lib.
5. Lay yo' haid down in my lap, Po' lit - tle lamb!
Tranquillo.
col voce.
a tempo.
ad lib.
a tempo.
Y'ought to have a right down slap, Po' lit-tle lamb! You been run-nin' roun' a heap,
a tempo.
col voce.
a tempo.
ten.
Shet dem eyes an' don' you peep, Dah now! dah now! go to sleep, Po' lit-tle lamb!
dim.
ten.
col voce.
pp
ad lib.
Po' lit-tle lamb! Po' lit-tle lamb!
pp
pp